Services at St. Mark's Episcopal church on next Sunday evening at 8:00 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Warren Yeak l of Galena, Kansas. All are invited.

Temptation

"Here's a place," said young Mrs. Melvers to herself, as she came upon an unoccupied corner of the department store restroom where a writing desk stood invitingly. "I can write to Tom here. The dear boy will be anxious to know how I have been getting along in the city and I haven't written him since last night."

She seated herself and took up a pen.

"Tom, dear—" she began. Then her eyes wandered from the paper. Would he be interested in getting her impressions of the shops? If not, what should she write about?

"Why, she exclaimed, as her eyes fell upon an object at the corner of the desk. "Somebody has left her umbrella. I did the same foolish trick in this very restroom the last time I was in Chicago and I never saw an umbrella again. What are these initials? 'F. C. N.' I wonder whose it is? Well, my letter—

Susan and I came downtown to shop this morning, but I've slipped off from her to write to my dear—

"Say," she thought, laying down her pen, "it's funny about those initials. 'F. C. N.' are my initials, all but the N, and it would be easy as anything to change that N into an M. An umbrella is common property. At least everybody says so, and then laughs. If— Why, the idea! What in the world am I thinking of? Wouldn't Tom scold me if he knew what came into my head just now?

"I must finish this letter to Tom.

——boy at home. I can hardly wait to see you. I am awfully glad you can come up for a day at the end of the week, for—

"That's a good silk umbrella. It must have cost five dollars at least. Somebody will come in here and walk off with it. I haven't even a cheap one that's decent to carry. I believe I've as much right— Goodness! If I go on this way I'll be stealing that umbrella presently. An umbrella thief! Not even as good an umbrella as this is worth the hurt to one's conscience, particularly when it has somebody's else's initials on it.

——everybody will be delighted to see you, especially me—that is, I. Don't forget to bring the umb—

"Well, I declare! If I'm not even writing about this umbrella! I can't think of anything else. It's rolled up neatly, as if it belonged to some trim tailor-made girl who wouldn't be so careless as to forget it except under great provocation. Now, if it were mine—

"I wonder who picked up the umbrella I left here that other time. She must have done it in a hurry, for I missed it soon and came right back for it. Well, I hope she enjoyed it. I suppose there are lots of women who would walk off with somebody else's umbrella and think nothing of it. I've just as much right to this umbrella as anybody who doesn't own it. If I took—

"Get thee behind me, umbrella! Say, isn't Satan the limit?

"What was I writing? 'Don't forget to bring the umb—' What was it I wanted him to bring? Oh, I remember.

——my bathing suit and your own. Susan's home is only two blocks from a bathing beach and when this rainy weather ceases—

"By the way, if this rainy weather keeps up I've got to get an umbrella. It looked like rain when we started downtown. If it goes to raining hard Susan and I simply can't keep from getting wet under one umbrella. 'F. C. N.' evidently thought it was going to rain.

"Oh, how tiresome! I told Susan it would take me only a minute to write this letter. She will be getting impatient. I think I'll finish it after—"

"Excuse me," said a voice from behind. "Did I leave my umbrella here? The initials are 'F. C. N.' Yes, here it is. If you hadn't been sitting here some one surely would have walked off with it. People are unscrupulous. Why—"

"Well, Florence Cameron!" exclaimed the young woman at the desk. "I thought I recognized that voice. Where did you come from?"

"Frances Melvers! You dear thing! Wasn't it lucky that I forgot my umbrella?"

"It was luckier that I had a rag of conscience left. I've been dying to walk off with your umbrella ever since I noticed that it was a good one, and that the initials on it were nearly my own. That reminds me, child. Have you been walking off with somebody's umbrella, or—"

"I've been walking off with somebody's name. The name I have stolen happens to be Norris."

"What a surprise. Arn't people terrible unscrupulous when it comes to stealing names—and umbrellas?"

Her Startling Color Scheme

"Have you ever noticed," inquired young Mrs. Allision aggrievedly, "that if there is one particular point of your reputation which is specially dear to you some perverse fate inevitably leads you to destroy it?"

"What a pessimistic theory!" commented the fluffy-haired blonde. "Really, Celeste, you ought to take a tonic!"

"My dear," said young Mrs. Allison, loftily, "you may sniff if you please, but the next time you catch yourself talking slang to some one who has always spoken admiringly of the purity of your English, or when next you hear yourself making sarcastic remarks to an old friend who has flattered you on the beauty of your disposition, just recall my theory."

"Very likely I shall," said the fluffy-haired blonde, coolly. "But tell us all about your latest mishap and ease your mind."

"You see," said young Mrs. Allison, rolling up her embroidery, "there is nothing that tickles my vanity so much as to have any one compliment me on my sense of color harmony which I show in my clothes. Every once in a while some kind acquaintance repeats to me some pleasant remark on the subject made in her hearing and cheers me on.

"Only last week I was told that Mr. Stowe—that dark, aesthetic-looking artist, you know—had said I displayed the nicest taste in color combinations he had seen in America. I positively strutted for days after I heard that." She sighed and stirred her tea in silence.

"Well," demanded the fluffy-haired blonde, impatiently, "what troubles you then?"

"It was yesterday," said young Mrs. Allision, taking up her tale of woe with resignation. "The left shoulder of my new spring suit has never been just right, so I decided to take it back to the tailor and see if he couldn't fix it. I wanted to wear it to a recital last night and thought if I took it down myself directly after luncheon he might get it done in time. You all know that suit," she added. "Bright cobalt blue—you remember?—chiffon broadcloth."

The other nodded.

"Well," went on the victim of circumstances, "it was a warm day and my blue cloth dress to the suit was too heavy and I wanted to go straight from the tailor's to an afternoon affair at the Lloyds', so I put on my coral foulard and carried the blue coat. It looked horribly, but the tailor's wasn't far off and I decided to risk it.

"Just as I was ready to start Mother Allison ran across, looking hurried, and with her heliotrope wrap over one arm.

"'Celeste,' she said, 'I remembered that you were going to the tailor's this afternoon and I thought I'd ask you to take this with you and have him put on new buttons. I've just discovered how worn they are and he can't match it without the color.'"

Young Mrs. Allison paused tragically.

"Of course," went on the injured one, with forced calm, "of course, I took them both! When I got on the car with my coral gown and my bright blue coat and Mother Allison's heliotrope wrap, the conductor looked as if he wanted to laugh. I'd have complained to the company if he had, my nerves were so ragged! I went in and took the only vacant seat and when I looked up it was to recognize the aesthetic Mr. Stowe beside me!"

She paused again. There was a murmur of sympathy from her listeners.

"I couldn't get up and jump off the car," she went on, "so I sat and answered Mr. Stowe'sc polite remarks and ignored his shocked glances. How I hated that man for daring to exist! I was painfully aware of course, that my rainbow clothes made my complexion a sickly green, but I was too mad even to explain to him!

"Mr. Stowe assisted me off the car with elaborate courtesy when I came to my corner and I ran all the way to the tailor's."

The fluffy-haired blonde smiled broadly. "I shall wear a pastel shade when he calls on me next," she remarked.

"As for me," said young Mrs. Allison, disgustedly, "I never want to see him again. In fact, I never shall see him when I meet him. I think it was most ungentlen anly of him to be on that car!"

Losses in Coal Storage.

The Illinois tests of Prof. S. W. Parr and Mr. W. F. Wheeler seem to have shown that the chief losses in the storage of large quantities of coal are due to breaking up into dust and to fires from spontaneous combustion. The maximum loss from weathering was not more than 3½ per cent. in Illinois coal stored a year. Other experimenters have differed, and have reported a loss in calorific power from weathering as high as 25 per cent.

Oriental Courtesy.

A striking instance of oriental courtesy is reported from Shepherd's Bush, London. A number of Japanese connected with the exhibition presently being held in the city, who had had to do a lot of hammering in the back garden of the house at which they were staying, called on all the neighbors, and, apologizing for the noise, presented the lady of the house with an exquisite bouquet of artificial flowers.

THE RISKS HE RAN

As the young man at the writing desk began on his second sheet of paper in an abstracted sort of way the two other young men who had distributed themselves between the couch and the wicker chair nodded gravely at each other.

"Well," said the one in the chair with a loud sigh, "if he will do it he will, I suppose, and there's no stopping him! Dick always was stubborn!"

"Yes," said the one on the couch, "we might as well close our eyes on the sad sight and try to forget it, because worrying will do no good. Still, it's hard to see him running these terrible risks. Dickie, Dickie, pause in time!"

"What's the matter with you fellows?" mumbled the one at the desk without stopping his busy pen.

"Nothing is the matter with us!" replied the young man in the wicker chair with great dignity. "Every one in the world isn't selfish. Occasionally Bill and I devote some time to thinking about others. Just now you are on our minds. We wish you wouldn't, Dickie!"

"Wouldn't what?" snapped the one at the desk, glancing up in an annoyed way.

They simply shook their heads at him and did not answer.

When the young man at the desk again was hard at work the young man on the couch spoke up. "They never consider how it will sound in court," he said, plaintively. "They go splashing their inmost thoughts all over a sheet of paper and inventing new pet names for the only girl on earth without stopping to remember that in five years she'll be miles behind them in their forward rush. But she'll not forget! She'll have all those poetic epistles tied up with pink ribbon ready to hand over to her lawyer and she'll have on a becoming dress and a flower hat and she'll make pathetic eyes at the jury whenever she isn't weeping bitterly over the perfidy of her false lover. So the jury will arise as one sympathetic man and—"

"Aw, cut it out!" growled the man at the writing desk. "I can't think!"

"You don't need to think, believe me!" responded the young man in the wicker chair. "The less you think the better, for when the letters are produced in court maybe you can make a plea of insanity stick.

"Write sort of wild and rambling, Dickie. That's your only salvation! The girl will like what you say all the better, because she will think you are intoxicated with love for her. Later on the judge will say, 'Poor, demented man!' and let you off with a warning to your family to look after you.

"Think, Dickie, how dreadful it will be after you have achieved side whiskers and a reputation to have a bunch of those letters come out on the front pages of the newspapers where all your neighbors can enjoy them with their breakfast coffee! You'll feel so comfortable sprinting down the street for your car knowing that people are watching you from behind their parlor window curtains and saying, 'How could it be possible? Such a nice man and with such lovely whiskers!'"

"And it really isn't necessary," declared the man on the couch. "When you feel that way and find yourself looking for pen and paper just go and take a cold shower bath. That will help. If it does not get you into a sufficiently sensible frame of mind, put a little cracked ice on your forehead.

"I knew a man once who persisted in writing to a girl and what do you think happened to him? She married him! Yes, sir, that's what she did! Took him in the bloom of his youth and tied him up for life. Writing those superheated letters sort of hypnotized him into thinking he really felt the way he said he felt. Of course, the infatuation wore off and then consider his awful state of mind!"

"I wouldn't be as funny as you two think you are for anything!" broke out the badgered one at the desk.

"Of course you wouldn't if you could help it, Dickie," soothed the young man in the chair. "But you are! Any young man writing a love letter is too far gone to control himself without good advice. Fortunately, we are here to advise you. Say—he's beginning a second letter! Great heavens! Is he as bad as that? Writing 'em wholesale to a lot of foolish girls who trust him? Oh, I say, I'd stick up for him in court if he was just plain foolish and made love to one girl, but friendship flinches at duplicity and deception! Don't expect me to help you out when the whole half-dozen of them sue you simultaneosuly for breach of promise!"

"Nor me!" threatened the young man on the couch, in a tone of great indignation.

The young man at the desk arose and surveyed them blandly. "I hope you blooming idiots nave enjoyed yourselves," he said pleasantly. "If you must know, I was writing to my revered parents and my estimable old uncle."

He stalked past them in a dignified way.

"D'you believe him?" asked the young man on the couch.

"Not on your life!" said the young man in the wicker chair.

Where there are flies there is filth.

From Lucile's Diary

Mother's small and perfectly unnecessary household economies annoy me dreadfully at times.

I said to her one day recently that I wished she would have our nickel telephone taken out and replaced by the unlimited service.

"As you nearly always use my nickels," laughed mother, "I don't see why you should care which kind of telephone we have. Seriously, dear, I think that if even a little money can be saved by using the nickel phone we ought to do it cheerfully."

I knew it was useless to argue the matter with mother any further at that time, but I did not give up the idea of securing the unlimited service.

I rarely abandon any plan on which my mind is set, for I think persistence is one of the important elements of strength of character.

That evening just after dinner Betty called me up and asked me to come over and play cards.

"I hope you haven't any engagement," she said, "for Bob has brought a friend home to dinner tonight and we would like to have a little bridge."

When I got to Betty's I was sorry I had taken the trouble to change my dress. Her invitation was very misleading. I had naturally supposed that when Betty said Bob had brought a friend home she meant a man friend, and I was greatly surprised to be introduced to a plainly gowned and quite uninteresting looking woman.

"Miss Clyde went to school with Bob years ago and now she teaches in a western college," whispered Betty while I was removing my wraps. "She is very bright and charming."

"Really?" I murmured.

As we joined Bob and his old friend in the drawing room I noticed the telephone in the hall.

"Oh, I see you have the unlimited service now!" I exclaimed. "I'm trying to persuade mother to have it put in at our house."

"What's the use?" asked Uncle Bob, good-naturedly. "Whenever you feel an excess of telephonic enthusiasm coming on, drop in here and help yourself to our phone."

"That's awfully sweet of you, Uncle Bob," I replied. "I believe I'll avail myself of your generosity now while Betty is getting out her cards and the bridge table."

I slipped into the hall and rung up Mr. Owen, who has been ill for a few days. He appeared to enjoy a chat and we visited for quite a while. Then I remembered that I had promised to pass the evening at Louise Erwin's house, so I phoned her my apologies for not going. There were several others to whom I wished to speak and I was in the midst of a conversation with Arthur Knight when Betty called me.

"Just a moment, dear," I answered, considerately, ignoring her petulant tone.

"Now, you are surely through," Betty said, coming into the hall a few minutes later. "Bob's fuming for our bridge."

"Poor Uncle Bob!" I laughed. "He'll have to be patient a little longer, for I'm waiting for a long-distance call."

Betty left me without another word, and in a minute more I was listening to the voice of Wisner Lee, whom I had been lucky enough to catch at the hotel in Cleveland where he is just now. I told him about the new tennis club that some of our crowd are organizing and I asked his advice about the kind of racket I should buy. Wisner is such a devoted tennis player that he forgets all about time when he is discussing his favorite game. As he was so thoughtful about the racket, begging the privilege of choosing the one for me, I had not the heart to break off the conversation.

It was rudely interrupted by Uncle Bob, who asked me with uncalled-for sharpness if I was "going to talk to that chap all night."

"Of course not," I said. "What time is it?"

"It's exactly 10:45 o'clock."

"Mercy! I must go home at once!" I exclaimed.

"Why, we havn't had any bridge," protested Betty, "and I was going to make a Welsh rarebit, Lucile."

"Well, I'll stay for a wee bite of the rarebit," I conceded. "Then I must fly. You know how mother dislikes having me remain out late."

Uncle Bob was extremely taciturn all the way home. In fact, so short and gruff were his remarks that I was sorry I had bothered to go to his house. I have not seen him since that evening, but yesterday he told mother that a large bill had come in for long-distance telephoning which he thought I would want to pay out of my allowance. When mother spoke to me about it I said that I was simply astonished at Uncle Bob.

"Why, he invited me to use his phone any time," I told her.

"But he didn't expect you to talk to Cleveland for over an hour," said mother. "I do wish, Lucile, that you had not abused his generosity. It makes me very uncomfortable when you displease your Uncle Bob."

"Well, mother," I remarked, "if you would allow me to have the unlimited service put in a little unpleasantness like this would never happen."

Mother just sighed in that martyr-like way of hers.

The men have come today to change our phone. It will be a great comfort to have the unlimited service.

A woman is extolled for her virtues and adored for her weaknesses.

CHARACTER READING

"I thoroughly believe in physiognomy," said Bartlett to Standish, as they smoked their cigars in the billiard room of the Oakhurst club. Standish was a new member and Bartlett was trying to make it pleasant for him. "Its deductions are well-nigh infallible,' ended Bartlett.

"It is an interesting study," replied Standish. "Though I should hardly attach great importance to its teachings. I've dabbled in it myself."

"Oh, have you? Been at it long?"

"I took it up about two years ago. A work on phrenology started me."

"Of course you are aware that phrenology is but one department of physiognomy. The figure, the carriage, the habits of the man as evidenced, say, by his clothes, his neatness or the lack of it and so on, all must be taken into account in forming a judgment of character."

"I quite agree with you," said Standish. "To a certain extent these appearances may guide one in making an estimate. And yet mistakes are likely to occur."

"For instance," said Bartlett. "Give us your reading of that big fellow playing pool at the second table."

"Well," said Standish, "to begin with, like most large men, he is lazy, lacks ambition, sleeps a good deal, is a sort of muttonhead. His wit is slow and his perceptions are dull. He's a heavy eater—a glutton, I might say. He's a poor money getter, because he's too stupid to be shrewd. On the other hand, that thick neck and those heavy eyebrows denote temper and brutishness. I think he beats his wife!"

"Humph!" ejaculated Bartlett, dubiously. "How about the young fellow he's playing with?"

"Sort of a saphead. Low brow and cigarette indicative of deficiency in intelligence. Judge from occasional remarks which float this way that he's a little shy on good breeding. Snobbish and conceited air shows him to be a cad. Tastes probably coarse and he's likely to play the prodigal son later on in life. He may be like a singed cat—better than he looks—but I should classify him as small potatoes and few in the hill. Wonder how near I've hit it. Do you know them?"

Bartlett winced and looked somewhat embarrassed, as he said:

"I am on speaking terms with them. They are my brother-in-law and his son, my nephew."

Standish laughed heartily. "Well, I did put my foot in it that time. But of course I didn't know."

"Of course not," said Bartlett, apparently ruffled by Standish's amusement."

"To be sure," said Standish, "the tendencies, as plainly indicated by the facts of physiognomy may be modified by what one might call the accidents of education and all that; so one's judgment may be at fault."

"I don't think you need apologize," said Bartlett. "If I feel any annoyance I've brought it on myself."

"Would you say that my inferences were improperly drawn?" asked Standish.

"Oh, I guess not. Ah, I see there are ladies present."

"Where?"

"Over there talking to Sanderson."

"Oh, yes! That's— By the way, old man, do you know them?"

"No," said Bartlett; "strangers to me."

"I was about to ask you," said Standish, quickly, "to let me hear your analysis of character from outward appearances. You're an expert and I should like to learn. Here's a chance. How about them?"

"Well," replied Bartlett with a little laugh, brightening up, "I rather flatter myself on my success in deciphering lovely woman by the rules of our science.

"Now," he went on, "this is a case of mother and daughter. The resemblance is very striking. Mother rather dowdy. She has a poor dressmaker, denoting false economy in the matter of expenditures. Probably she's a poor housekeeper. Head small, excessively vain. Manners evidently affected, indicating desire to break into a social set where she doesn't belong and can't remain if she gets in. On the whole, a member of the vulgar middle class."

"And the daughter—"

"Well, she's modern. Mother's traits will be toned down by environment, which is plainly that of well-to-do people. Don't think her taste in dressing shows much refinement. Rather a good-looking child, but not an intellectual face by any means. Wonder who they belong to. Friends of the Stewards, probably. They're coming this way!"

Standish, whose sense of humor seemed to be decidedly elemental, roared with laughter. "I wanted to give you a chance to get square with me," he said, "and you certainy did. My dear, this is Mr. Bartlett. He's been telling your fortune."

For a second time Bartlett's face was a study.

Lift Up the Heart.

Lift up, lift up, O heart of mine,
Thy face unto the King;
And let the glory of his sacred light,
Shine in, shine in.

And let the darkness of thy deep despair,
Thy grief, thy sin,
Like shadows of the night before the day,
Flee from within.

—Mrs. Will B. Wells.